Now afore God, this reuerend holy *Frier*,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Goe thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deck vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward Girle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet *and* Nurſe.

Iu. I'thoſe attyres are beſt, but gentle *Nurſe*
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oriſons,
To moue the Heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou knoweſt, is croſſe and full of ſinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoofefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the *Nurſe* this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
Exeunt.

Iu.

Iu. Farewell, God knowes when we
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort m
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhee doe here?
My diſmall Sceane I needs muſt act alon
Come Viall, what if this mixture doe n
Shall I be married then to morrow morn
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lie thou ther
What if it be a poyſon which the *Frier*
Subtilly hath miniſtred, to haue me dea
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſh
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it ſhould n
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fearefull
Shall I not then be ſtiffled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome a
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* c
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres th
Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt* yet but greene in
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd, where as the
At ſome houres in the night, ſpirits reſor
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out o
That liuing mortalls hearing them runne
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25